*Monke*, My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.
*Abbot*, Alas good *Thomas* do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thankes.
*Mon.* I murder you! God shield from such a thought.
*Ab.* If thou wilt needes, yet let me say my prayers.
*Mon.* I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.
*Ab.* Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on.
*Mon.* You know my Lord, the King is in our house.
*Ab.* True.
*Mon.* You know likewise the King abhorres a Frier.
*Ab.* True.
*Mon.* And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.
*Ab.* Thou saist true.
*Mon.* Then the King is our enemy.
*Ab.* True.
*Mon.* Why then should we not kill our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.
*Ab.* O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.
But who dare venter for to doe the deed?
*Mon.* Who dare? why I my Lord dare doe the deed,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.
*Ab. Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd,
I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friers shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.
*Mon.* God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Lewis *and his Armie.*

*Lewis*, Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,
Follows the fortune of young *Lodowike*,
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

Fall



Fall as the fowle before the Eagles c
Onely two crosses of contrary chang
Doe nip my heart, and vex me with
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of
A brauer man did neuer liue in Frau
The other griefe, I, that's a gall indee
To thinke that *Douer* Castle should
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregna
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hector*
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant
The better halfe of *England* is our o
And towards the conquest of the oth
We haue the face of all the English
What then remaines but ouerrunne
Be resolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serue as she begi
The poorest pesant of the realme of
Shall be a master ore an English Lord

*Enter a Messenger*

*Lewis*, Fellow, what newes?
*Mess.* Pleaseth your Grace, the E
*brooke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, wi
did fight for thee, are on a sudden fl
ers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee

*Enter another Messenger*

*Mess. Lewis* my Lord, why standst
Gather thy troupes, hope not of help
For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
Containing twenty thousand souldie
With victuall and munition for the w
Putting them from *Callice* in vnlucky
D crosse the seas, and on the *Goodw*
The men, munition, and the ships are

*Enter another messeng*

*Lewis*, More newes? say on.
*Mess. Iohn* (my Lord) with all his



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